



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

and Argos, and Thermopylæ, whoever would visit Modern Greece in company with one whose imagination is filled with her ancient glories, and who has confidence in her future career, will find in this too brief volume the means of gratifying his desire, and will learn to cherish the memory and respect the name of one whose untimely death has left an irreparable void in the society of which he formed so important a part, and by whose members he was so much beloved.

-
16. — *The Journal and Letters of SAMUEL CURWEN, an American in England from 1775 to 1783; with an Appendix of Biographical Sketches.* BY GEORGE ATKINSON WARD. Fourth Edition. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1864. pp. xxiv., 678.

It is not hard to feel pity for many of the loyalists of the Revolution, but our sympathy belongs of right to better and braver men. There is always a kind of pathetic interest in a losing cause, and sentimentalists are never wanting who make picturesqueness of attitude the test of soundness of principle.

“Pitied by gentle hearts Kilmarnock died,
The brave, Balmerino, were on thy side.”

Yet no men were ever engaged in a worse cause than the Jacobites, and few ever chose their side from meaner motives than the men whose musical names are so temptingly sonorous in heroic verse. Kilmarnock or Balmerino (for the story is told of both and fits either) said that, “if Mahomet had set up his standard in the highlands, he would have joined it, for he must eat.” The case of our American loyalists was different, inasmuch as they espoused the side of the established order; but the motive was in most cases an equally selfish one, though with them the selfishness was passive merely, while with the Jacobites it was active and ran some risk. They mostly chose the side they thought likely to succeed, and therefore most wholesome for their estates. To us the most interesting of our sufferers by the Revolution were some of the country clergy, who had little to save and nothing to gain, and who set brave examples of dogged otherwise-mindedness. Mr. Ward in his Preface quotes the familiar hyperbole of Lucan, *Victrix causa* and the rest, but the real question is whether God only permitted or was pleased with the victory. The sufferers for righteousness’ sake are sure of victory in the memory of mankind, and their images are borne in the triumphal procession which sooner or later celebrates the accomplishment of their ends. The spilt milk of history is no more worth regret than any other; and as for the lost milk-and-water, the less said of it the better.

Something more, perhaps, may be granted in excuse for Mr. Curwen, than for many others of his fellow-refugees. He was already sixty when the dispute came to a crisis in the battle of Lexington. He had a comfortable estate and a dignified social position, and it was natural enough that the thing of all others which he dreaded should have been disturbance. But after all, his main apology is, that he kept a diary which is not only entertaining but instructive. We are thankful to whoever opens a window for us that looks out on a hundred years ago.

The contents of the book are too familiar to our readers to need any analysis here, but there are one or two points which the time of its publication force more keenly on the attention. Mr. Curwen in going to England thought he was going *home*, as our countrymen at that time fondly called the old country. But he soon found that he was an alien and a stranger among a people of the same race and speaking the same mother tongue. He finds out for the first time that he is an American, and *therefore* a stranger; that the mother country is west of the Atlantic; and he does not quite like to have his countrymen beaten, though they are rebels. He becomes dimly conscious that America and England mean very different things, and that two nations of the same blood, language, laws, and literature may be fundamentally hostile to each other. He does not say so, but we can hardly believe that King, Lords, and Commons were so impressive as he expected on a nearer view; and the low moral tone of London society must have been profoundly shocking to a man bred in New England. The homesickness begins to draw westward, and it is of the spirit no less than of the heart. Curwen's homelessness was one of ideas as well as things.

"Homeless among a thousand homes he stood,
And by a thousand tables pined and wanted food," —

but it was no hunger for material bread. He is unhappy, listless, forced to interest himself in trifles, and to look upon life as a play of which he is a weary spectator. Here we have a picture of what will be the fate of multitudes of our countrymen after the present Rebellion is subdued. They will be exiles without the hope of a home, for in the Old World an American is always less *hospes* than *ξένος*. But Curwen had no sense of guilt, while for many of these their condition will be wretched even compared with the last dreary days of Burr in Paris, foul with poverty, a tainted conscience, and the sense of great gifts thwarted by mean aims. At the same time, the example of Curwen should teach us that there must be multitudes in the South guilty only of weakness, and who may be wisely pardoned by a country for the first time conscious of its glorious strength.